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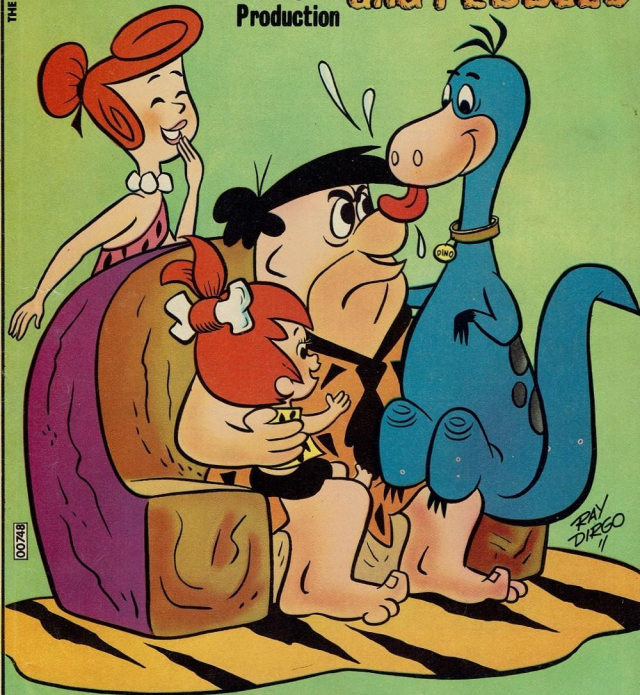
The FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
Production

NO. 14
JUNE
CDC

ONLY
20¢

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES



00748

THE FLINTSTONES in THE GOOD EGG!

WHAT I GO
THROUGH JUST
SO YOU CAN
GET YOUR FILL
OF IBICUS
EGGS!

STEADY BARNEY
... I'VE GOT MY
HANDS ON IT!



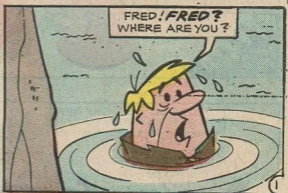
LOOK OUT
BELOW!



SPLASH!



FRED! FRED?
WHERE ARE YOU?



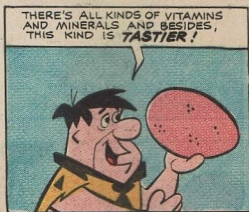
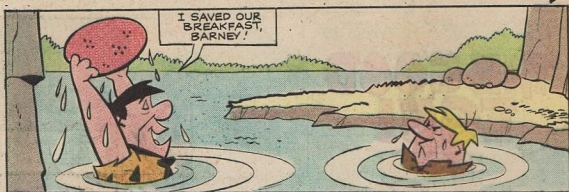
THE FLINTSTONES

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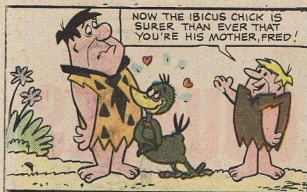
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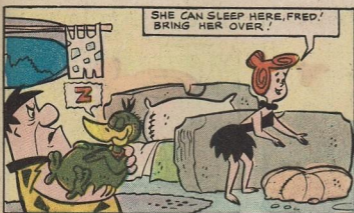
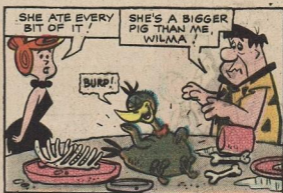
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TIME
MARCHES
ON...

BARNEY, THAT STUPID BIRD'S
GONNA LAND ME IN
THE POORHOUSE!
SHE NEVER GETS
ENOUGH TO EAT!

WAIT'LL SHE
STARTS RAISIN'
A FAMILY,
FRED!

WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN MAKE A
FORTUNE SELLING IBICUS EGGS!

HOLD IT! LOOK
OVER THERE,
FRED!

SHE WANTS
US TO PLAY
FOOTBALL,
FRED!

OH, NO! IT'S A
BOY IBICUS
BIRD!

WARRK!

...AND ON...AND ON...

CHOMP! CHOMP! CRUNCH!

HE EATS MORE THAN
ALL OF US PUT
TOGETHER, WILMA!

WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM THE
TRUTH, FRED? JUST TELL HIM
YOU'RE NOT **REALLY** HIS
MOTHER!

HUH? WHERE'S
HE GOIN' IN SUCH
A HURRY?

MAYBE HE'S
RUNNING
AWAY FROM
HOME!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S
A **FEMALE** IBICUS!

LOOK, DEAR! IT'S LOVE
AT FIRST SIGHT!



KISS!

HEY!



HE JUST KISSED YOU GOOD-
BYE, FRED! HE'S GONE AWAY
WITH HIS LADY LOVE!



FRED, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE
HAPPY HE'S GONE... WHY
ARE YOU CRYING?

SOB!

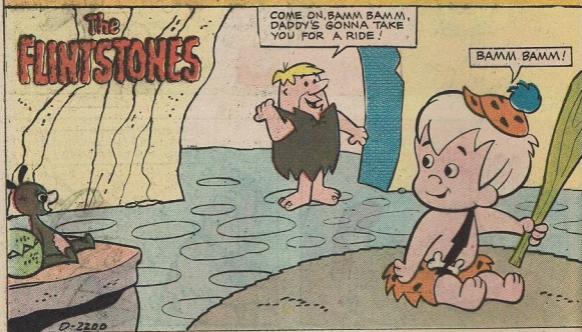


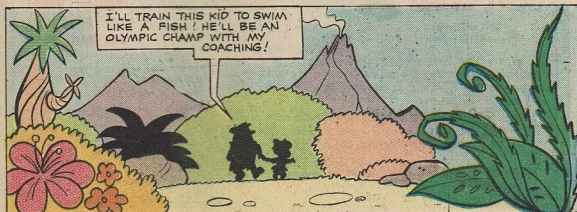
I KNOW I SHOULD BE HAPPY,
WILMA... BUT IT'S HARD TO
LOSE A SON WHEN HE GETS
MARRIED! *SOB*



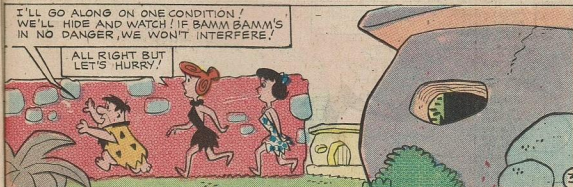
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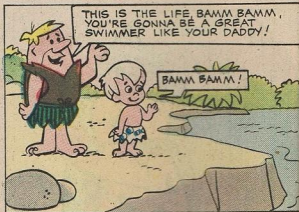
SINK OR SWIM

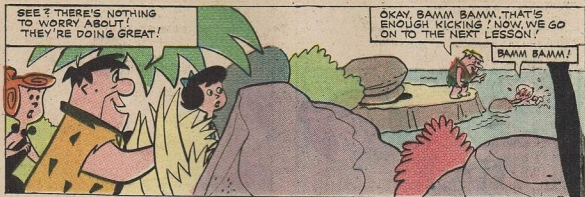




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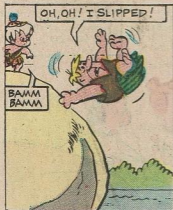
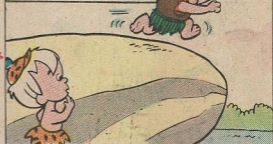




LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU, BETTY! BARNEY MAY BE FOOLISH AT TIMES BUT HE DID A GOOD JOB TEACHING BAMM BAMM TO SWIM!

I WISH HE COULD HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

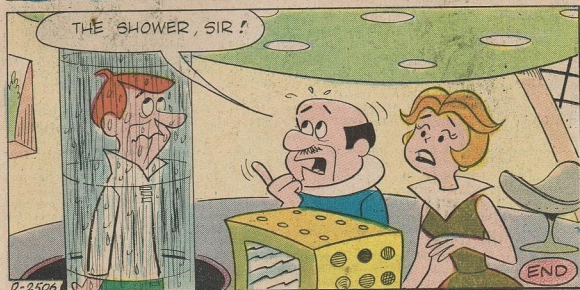
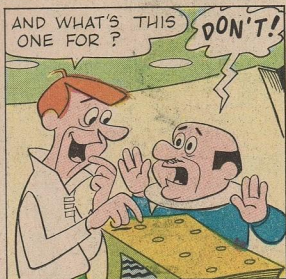
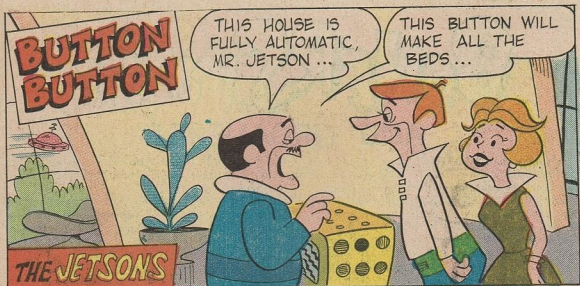
NOW, SON, JUST WATCH YOUR DADDY MAKE THIS DIVE!



THANKS, BAMM BAMM! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO SAVE YOU...INSTEAD, YOU SAVED ME! DO ME A FAVOR, HUH? WHEN YOU LEARN TO TALK... DON'T TELL ANYBODY... ESPECIALLY YOUR MOTHER!

BAMM BAMM!





BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Professor John Thompson of the State University developed a lesson that he dared to call: "Imagination Stimulation." The teacher mentioned two related words to the class. Like: snow-sled; rain-umbrella; water-fish; ball-game; etc. The students closed their eyes. Thought about it for five minutes. Then each wrote his or her reaction to those two words in a short composition. Here are the two words I spoke to my class: lettuce-tomatoes. Just as simple as all of that. But not all heard my pronunciation very clearly. Start with Jeanne who heard the two words clearly. This is what she wrote:

"With lettuce and tomatoes I can make a salad. It is nice to serve when you have company in your house. It is easy to make. You cut the tomatoes into thin slices. You clean the lettuce. Then you put it on small dishes. One for every guest."

And this is what Peter wrote. He too heard the two words clearly:

"I like tomatoes. They are good to eat. My mother likes lettuce. But she says it is very expensive just now. Maybe we could learn how to grow lettuce at home. I never saw where it is raised. I would like to see it." But what was it that Jimmy heard? Not lettuce, tomatoes, but lettee-tomatoes. So this is what he wrote:

"I will send letters to all of my friends. Tell them to go and buy a lot of fresh nice tomatoes. They are good to eat. My mother says that they have vitamin C in them. Vitamin C is important. So every boy and girl in this class should write a lot of letters. Buy and eat more tomatoes."

I think I can say that the tomato growers would certainly like that reaction to my lesson. Ah, but what did Mary hear? Not lettuce-tomatoes, but let us - tomatoes. So this is what she wrote:

"Let us be fair about tomatoes. Treat them

very gently. They are important vegetables. Let us never forget that. Let us always wash them before we eat them."

If I ever meet Professor John Thompson of the State University, I will tell him about what happened with his idea of two words to stimulate thought. Now and then a student can wreck any lesson. No matter how well it is prepared. The topic was politeness to our elders. Marc told this one to the class:

"When K'ung Jung was only four years old he was asked why he chose all the small pears to eat and left the bigger ones for the rest of his family. He replied that since he was a small boy he took only the small pears. And since the rest of his family was big, they should get the big pears. This shows how polite he was even as a child."

Philip raised his hand. He had something to say about the pears.

"He was not a polite boy. I have eaten small pears. And I have eaten big pears. The small pears are much better and also much sweeter. So I disagree. I say he was not polite but a very selfish boy."

I lost control of that lesson. The students all got excited about a boy and some pears. One even suggested that we collect money. Go out and buy big pears and small pears. Taste them. Then decide whether Philip or K'ung Jung was right. But this time I didn't care who was right or who was wrong. On to another lesson. I gave a short test the next day in arithmetic. Louis in return gave me a good headache. I called him up to my desk. It was difficult to figure out the numbers he wrote.

"See this number 3," I said to him. "It looks like a 5. When you write numbers be very careful. Make a 3 that looks like a 3. And a 5 that looks like a 5."

He took his paper from me. Looked very carefully at the number he had written on that examination. Then he smiled at me.

"I am very worried about my marks. I must be neater next time. You tell me that my 3 looks like a 5. It isn't the number 3 that I wrote. And I didn't even want to write the number 5. I wanted to write the number 8. My new pen must have skipped. It didn't close the bottom and top of the number. Let me show you."

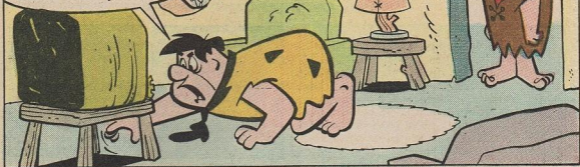
So with his pen he made the 3 into an 8. Clever kid! With the number 8, his answer was correct!

Until next time, and I will tell you more about what takes place in my class.

THE FLINTSTONES

WILMA! I CAN'T
FIND MY READING
GLASSES!

MAYBE I CAN
HELP YOU, FRED.



WELL?!

FIRST I HAVE
TO ASK YOU ONE
QUESTION, ...



DOES DINO
WEAR
GLASSES?

ARE YOU LOSING
YOUR MARBLES?!

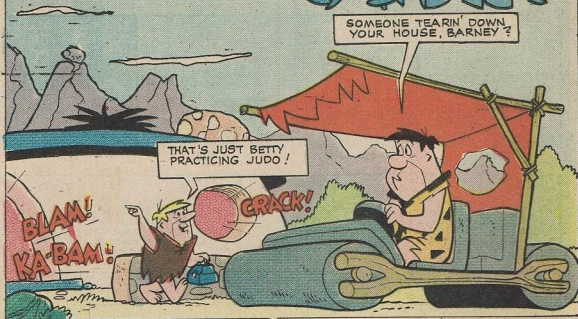


WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO WITH
FINDING MY
GLASSES?!



THE FLINTSTONES in

WHO NEEDS JUDO?



MEANWHILE...

AM I IMPROVING
PROFESSOR
TOJO ROKO?

BANG!



HONORABLE LADY, YOU HAVE
MASTERED THE *S. B. TECHNIQUE
OF JUDO!



*S.B. SLAM-BANG!

I AWARD YOU GRAND
JUDOKA, PURPLE BAND,
YOU ARE SO GOOD!



OH, THANK YOU,
PROFESSOR
TOJO ROKO!

CONGRATULATIONS, BETTY!
I WISH MY TIGHTWAD
HUSBAND WOULD PAY FOR
MY JUDO LESSONS LIKE
BARNEY DID FOR YOU!



I'VE GOT A GREAT
IDEA, WILMA!



I'LL TEACH YOU ALL I LEARNED
FROM TOJO ROKO!
BARNEY AND FRED WILL
NEVER KNOW ABOUT IT!



I APPRECIATE THAT, BETTY!
I REALLY HAVE BEEN
WORRIED ABOUT THAT ESCAPED
CONVICT AND I'D BE STUCK
WITH POOR FRED TRYING
TO DEFEND US!



LATER

HOW'S BETTY DOIN' WITH HER JUDO LESSONS, BARNEY?

TOO GOOD, FRED! I'M AFRAID TO ARGUE WITH HER NOW!



DON'T BE SILLY, BARNEY! IF SHE HADDA FACE PETE POTTS, SHE'D RUN SCREAMIN' LIKE ANY DAME!

YOU REALLY THINK SO, FRED?



OF COURSE I DO! JUST TO PROVE IT, I'LL PLAY A LITTLE TRICK ON HER!

WHAT KIND OF TRICK?



TONIGHT, I'LL DRESS UP LIKE A CROOK AND COME OVER TO YOUR PLACE! YOU PRETEND TO BE SOUND ASLEEP...

...AN' WHEN BETTY SCREAMS FOR HELP, YOU JUMP OUTTA BED AND SCARE ME OFF! YOU'LL BE A HERO!



TERRIFIC, FRED! THAT'LL TEACH BETTY A LESSON SHE WON'T FORGET!

YOU JUST BE READY TONIGHT, BARNEY!



AT BARNEY'S
PLACE...

POW!

LIKE THIS,
BETTY?



TERRIFIC, WILMA! AS TO JO
ROKO WOULD SAY,
HONORABLE WILMA IS
MASTER GRAND JUDOKA,
PURPLE BAND!

I HOPE I
DIDN'T HURT
YOU, BETTY!



RADIO ALERT!
RESIDENTS
OF BEDROCK
ARE CAUTIONED
THAT PETE
POTTS IS PROWL-
ING IN THIS
AREA! LOCK
YOUR DOORS!

BETTY,
DID
YOU
HEAR
THAT?

IF HE
SHOWS UP
AROUND
HERE, HE'LL
GET A HOT
RECEPTION!



THAT NIGHT

I'LL SNEAK OUT NOW!
WILMA'S SOUND
ASLEEP!



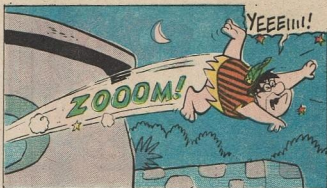
THIS DISGUISE IS
SO GOOD, I DON'T
RECOGNIZE MYSELF!



I'LL JUST SNEAK OUT SO
I WON'T WAKE WILMA!



THIS GOTTA BE BETTY'S ROOM!
HEE HEE HEE... SHE'LL SCREAM
HER HEAD OFF!



WAKE UP, BARNEY! PETE POTTS
WAS HERE AND I USED MY
S.B. TECHNIQUE ON HIM!

HUH?
WUZZAT?

CRACK!

GEE, BETTY, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN SO ROUGH ON HIM!
THAT WASN'T PETE POTTS, IT WAS
FRED PLAYIN' A TRICK ON YOU!

OH, IT WAS,
WAS IT?

WILMA, BE READY... FRED'S DRESSED
UP LIKE PETE POTTS AND HE'S
GOING TO COME HOME ANY MINUTE!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

REALLY! I'M GOING
TO ENJOY THIS!
HEE HEE HEE





I HOPE WILMA'S ASLEEP!



OOOHH, THAT SMARTS! THERE'S NO SOFT PICKIN'S IN BEDROCK! I'M GONNA LAM!



NOO, WILMA! IT'S ME!

WON'T YOU EVER LEARN, MR. BANDIT?

ZOOM!

WHAT IN...?



BLAM!

UUGH!



WHO... IT'S THE REAL PETE POTTS!



HOW'D IT GO, FRED?

POOR FRED! I USED THE S.B. TECHNIQUE ON HIM *TWICE*! I THINK HE LEARNED HIS LESSON.

LET'S GO HELP THE POOR GUY!

